

I N S I D E

No. 1

Vol. II



A Publication of the Gateway,
Newspaper of the Students' Union,
University of Alberta, Edmonton.

EDITOR: Patricia Hughes

Associate Editor: John Thompson

Layout: Shirley Newman,
Jon Whyte

Graphics: Martha Jablonski,
Ronald Myren

Collage: "Francine Distinegrat-
ing" by Jon Whyte

Cover This Issue: Colette Gagnon

No. 1
Vol. II

What's Inside

CHILE: IMPRESSIONS OF A NATION Page 2
A descriptive article by Janis Kostash

THE YARDBIRD SUITE Page 7
The Suite's organizers talk with Peter Mont-
gomery

FRANCINE Page 12
A short story by Jan Whyte

POETRY Pages 5, 11, 14
Poems by Manfred Rupp, Jon Markhom,
Marshall Loub, and John Thompson

INSIDE OUT Page 16

Inside Tip

An eagle has been reported missing, and is believed headed toward Edmonton. He was last seen on a factory roof near Leyton, and he is a Scottish eagle named Baldy. If you know of Baldy's whereabouts, please contact D.H.P. c/o the Daily Telegraph.

CHILE:

By Janis Kostash

Miss Kostash is an undergraduate Romance Languages student at the University of Alberta. A delegate at last summer's WUS seminar held in Santiago, she recounts incidents and images of what, to her, was not a Conradian Journey.

We got off the plane in Mexico—36 students and five professors, terribly excited, slightly afraid. "Toma Coca-Cola" the signs blared. We looked for "Seven-up" signs, found "Diga Sevenap!" The group's child-befriender smiled at the children learning against the airport fence. "Gringo!" the angels sneered back.

* * *

One afternoon in Santiago de Chile, three thirsty Canadians swore off Chile's superb wine to look for "un croosh" (orange crush). We wandered into three consecutive places where the waiters shook their heads and contemptuously shoos us out, saying they served only alcoholic beverages and that we would have to find some *other* (scorn) place for such things. We cherished the occasion.

* * *

Travelling through the Atacama desert in Northern Chile, the most arid desert in the world, we passed many forlorn, deserted towns and houses; or mere walls, reminders of the thriving settlements and industry that had arisen to exploit the rich nitrate deposits of the desert. Then came World War I, and Germans, cut off from their nitrate supply, developed a cheap and efficient artificial substitute. Chile's nitrate-processing industry collapsed; the desert communities became true ghost towns.

* * *

Desert travels brought the Canadian students, in the dead of night, to a god-forsaken scrubby little town with a comparable hotel. Cautiously, we peered through the dusty doorway into the dusty interior. Dirt floors! The word spread quickly. But after a good deal of scrounging around, someone found a plank, then another. We settled for dirty floors. An authoritative voice suggested we check for rat holes, so the fellows trooped off on that mission while the girls checked the beds for anything bigger than bedbugs and, or fleas.

Brighter and earlier than usual next morning we climbed into our bus to head to a nearby oasis and its hot springs. A distant luxuriant patch of green stranded in the sand announced the approach of Pica, and soon we were gleefully paddling around in the water, laughing about the adventures of the previous night.

* * *

On to Chuquicamata, the largest open-pit copper mine in the world, and to the pre-Inca

Impressions of a Nation

site of San Pedro de Atacama, where we scrambled through crumbled stone living rooms still clinging to the mountainside, and fell into the chief's tomb. No bones left, though: they had all been transferred to the village museum, there to be displayed with thousands of spearheads, a roomful of skulls, and a few walls lined with mummies in various stages of decomposition.

* * *

Then to a frightfully sad place, Iquique, a coastal desert city. First, as a victim of the nitrate industry collapse, Iquique had followed the pattern of the desert towns. Then in 1959 the Chilean government decided to resurrect it by exploiting the ocean waters that, like those of Peru, should (according to a government survey) have been teeming with anchovies. By making fantastic concessions, the government induced international companies to establish 26 fishmeal plants in Iquique.

The catch was never spectacularly good, but this past season it was non-existent. The fish simply were not where they were supposed to be. Experts and officials sought explanations. Perhaps the current had changed, bringing waters of a different temperature to the coast, or perhaps the waters had simply been fished out. The fishermen returned to their homes in the south of Chile, where their old jobs were no longer waiting for them. Iquique became, once again, a dying city.

* * *

Arica marked the end of the group's Chilean wanderings. A port—once a free port—in the extreme north of Chile, just a few kilometers from the Peruvian border, Arica sits in the desert with no natural water supply. It depends on water piped across the desert from the Andes. We found water in Arica, therefore, understandably scarce. But there was no rationing or control whatsoever. While the poorer districts had no water at all, and endured as best they could, the tourist hotel unconcernedly filled their pools so the guests would not have to walk over the hill to the beach. Residents could water the dust off the front sidewalk if they felt like it (and if there was a sidewalk) because no law prevented water wastage.

* * *

A small, plain, slightly ghastly blue church faced the main plaza of Arica. The building was designed by the designer of the Eiffel



Town, and was one of Chile's first pre-fabricated products. It was fabricated in France, and shipped to the west coast of South America, but nobody quite knew where its new home was supposed to be. The directions weren't clear. After having sailed up and down the coast a few times, it was given to Arica, but later clarification showed Iquique should really have received it.

* * *

On the outskirts of Arica squatted several tanks of petroleum, loudly labelled Esso. When Bolivia lost her Pacific coast provinces to Chile in the War of the Pacific, 1879-1883, she negotiated with Chile for the construction of a pipeline and storage tanks in northern Chile, for Bolivian oil. The pipeline was completed, the storage tanks were filled. Then an old treaty between Bolivia and Brazil showed up, which obliged Bolivia to send her oil through Brazil, and Brazil only, for the next twenty years. So the tanks and their oil have been sitting in Arica waiting for the treaty to expire.

* * *

Our child-befriender tried again, this time in a small town in Peru's interior. "Cómo te llamas?" he tried in his impeccable Spanish, with an extra-friendly smile for good measure. Blank stare. A passer-by shouted that, as any fool could see, the child was Quechua and didn't speak Spanish.

* * *

We soon learned to be sure to switch heroes as we switched countries. The War of the Pacific, involving Chile on one side and the allied nations of Peru and Bolivia on the other, bred a large herd of military heroes. Prat is a familiar name in Chile—it marks streets, buildings, parks—because its owner, Admiral Arturo Prat, heroically fought superior Peruvian ships at the navel battle of Iquique. He and most of his crew lost their lives but the ship—old and battle-worn—went down with the Chilean flag still flying. We admired the heroism. Then in Peru we tactfully admired the parks, streets, and buildings named for Grau. Same battle—different side, different role. From villain to hero in one border crossing.

* * *

To generalize, the Chileans sound smug and slightly scornful when they refer to Bolivia and Peru; the Peruvians abhor Chile; the Bolivians, urged on by posters throughout the country proclaiming "Bolivia demanda su derecha a la mar" (Bolivia demands its right to the sea), bitterly hate Chile, and feel similarly toward Paraguay, with whom they fought the Gran Chaco war in 1932-35. For good measure, the Peruvians have little use for Ecuador, because of frequent border disputes in the past two centuries.

Cuzco, in southern Peru, is the ancient capital of the Inca Empire, and thus shows a fascinating blend of Inca and Spanish colonial architecture. But in its main plaza is a very noticeable statue of an Indian, unmistakably non-Incan. In the days of Spanish rule, the Spanish sent over to the new world two statues to honor the native peoples—an Inca to Cuzco and a Mayan to Mexico. They got mixed up *en route*. Consequently the apologetic Mayan dominates Cuzco's plaza; somewhere in Mexico there is a homeless Inca.

* * *

Machu Picchu, which may or may not be the lost city of the Incas, abounds with ghosts and legends. High on top of Machu Picchu mountain, surrounded by impenetrable jungles and forbiddingly swift rivers, the Incas built this sanctuary and allowed no Spaniards to locate or enter it. The Spanish overcame the Incas, but never found this city. The jungle took hold until Hiram Bingham, an American explorer, accidentally came across it in 1912, and felt he had found the Inca's great ceremonial capital and last refuge, Vilcabamba, where they retreated with the Chosen Women, or Virgins of the Sun, after their empire fell to the Spanish. Other historians dissent, saying the ruins atop Machu Picchu are not Vilcabamba; and Vilcabamaba is still out there somewhere.

COME INSIDE

We're desperately anxious to see those tattered manuscripts that have lain so long in your drawer, and to hear your ideas for as-yet-unwritten articles.

Short stories, poems, plays, fables, analyses, polemics, eccentricities, (absurdities?)--If they're any good we'd like to print them.

Send your manuscripts (typed, double-spaced if possible) to the Editor, INSIDE, c/o the Gateway Office, University of Alberta



THE DUST
By John Thompson

There was
a woman
like
a truck

and the gravel
she bore
was a baby
and behind her

the dust
sneered up
from the dry
roads.

PAST
By John Thompson

The old men argued about the hungry thirties.
Their gravelly voices rose until the air
broke into thousands of tiny pointed pieces
which tinkled dully down on the worn floor.

I got my scars neither from pox nor shrapnel:
what's written on my face was cut there by
those slivers, each of them by time honed keen,
that the dry desolate winds of age made fly.



YARD BIRD
English department.
contempor-

CKUA has done more for us than any other public communications outlet, he said. "It's our life-blood." The station has produced folk music festivals and concerts for the Suite as well as for their activities on Saturdays.

"L'Avventura"
Showing Soon
"L'Avventura" is the moving story of the growing love between a young man and his fiancée and her

Yardbird Features Jazz Trio
An interesting group of musicians has taken over the Yardbird Suite 10443. The "Moo" extension of the Suite has been taken over by a jazz trio consisting of a pianist, a bassist and a drummer. The trio is expected to perform a variety of jazz tunes during the week.

Yardbird Suite Plans Regular And Satire, Revues, Drama Programs
The nucleus of Yardbird Suite 10443 is a hodge-podge of locals interested in the theatre," he said. "We hope to draw on the campus for talented performers. Everyone is welcome to drop in and show us what they can do." The Suite (10443 Whyte Avenue) is a basement room containing a stage and a few chairs.

New Talent To Be Shown' Jazz
D'Amour Yardbird in Edmonton.
"There's no to do now."

PLAYS
red Watson, of the of Alberta Foundation, will be helping to original Canadian plays involved audience. Amur, one of the of Studio Associates played for Edmonton's in Chabrier's Theatre. Right and numerous productions, is enthusiastic new venture will compare with in New York and the he says. "Theatre should place of debate, not like a lecture or listening to a lecture."

Yardbird Suite will make another attempt to intellectual effect in Calgary and Edmonton by staging a Revue this weekend. Based recently in Calgary by Joyce Daulton and of the Musicians And Actors Club there, the revue mixed reviews and an enthusiastic response from audiences.

found it very funny," says Yardbird director Bud who took Wad For Two Pedestals to Calgary earlier. "Anyway, funny or not, I want to see Edmontonians can do it and have a lot of fun." "Voice over" and "The House of the Living Dead" by Watson's "Pedestals" to Calgary. "Clowns are not all part of the game," he shrugged it off then and to try again.

current attempt has all the indications of being a production. Simply, it is a adaptation of the best cartoons by noted New Yorker Jules Feiffer, become the darling of the sophisticated set with his ed comments on Today's World.

"We're hoping to produce plays of western Canadians like Sharon Lea Richman of Calgary Model of Edmonton.

figure which points in the direction of the future. The future has been, but will enter by the back door. But probably the most important change will now be made.

THE YARB BIRD SUITE

As the feature article of this issue, INSIDE runs an exploration into the how and why of the YARB Suite's existence

Interview By Peter Montgomery

The following dialogue is an excerpt from a taped interview held at the YARB Suite. It features Mr. R. "Bud" D'Amur, YARB's manager-director, and Dr. Wilfred Watson professor of English at the University of Alberta, who is also a well-known Canadian poet and playwright. Mr. Montgomery is mastering in English at this university.

* * *

MONTGOMERY: We want to talk about the YARB Suite, for instance, how the idea originated?

D'AMUR: Actually, the idea originated from our work we've been doing at Studio Theatre. Originally, the Summer Stock Theatre we did at Torches to some of us, we felt, wasn't fulfilling enough. I always wanted a place where an individual could do *avant garde* theatre before the public. Nowhere in Edmonton could you do this. You had it at Studio Theatre upstairs where it was a closed thing—you had a ticket, or you didn't have a ticket—but they wouldn't allow the public generally, which was right, it was a training ground. But I always felt that this so-called *avant garde* theatre should be aired publicly, and I always wanted a place of my own to do it. And I also found that we had our own kind of theatre to do . . . I was going to find a place, and do it. Well, I got the place, then I had to find somebody who had the plays. So I went and I crawled on my hands and knees to Wilfred—

WATSON: Oh-h-h-h!

D'AMUR: What I wanted to do, was a television idea—I had been involved in television—it's so damned expensive—but why don't I do original plays? Wilfred had been involved in INTERFACE, which is how I approached him. We got talking about it, and the idea developed to why don't we do our own plays, his plays, or anyone else who

wanted them. We needed someone with a head thick enough, like mine—and a hide thick enough, like his—to say, "well we're going to take the writing, and make what we can out of it and do it." And we found out, that not only our own art form, but the poetry, and the jazz, needed work too.

MONTGOMERY: Do you feel that you've influenced theatre in Edmonton?

D'AMUR: Oh YES. Last year we had a rash of *avant garde* things going on, you see, everybody got into the act, they found out that this must be the thing to do, they were talking about it, so everybody's got into it. Now we've got to get out of that game, because it's no longer new. They keep bringing us "News of the Theatre", as we refer to it.

MONTGOMERY: Dr. Watson, do you feel that this has helped you as a playwright?

WATSON: Oh, I think it's helped me immensely. One of the things which has stopped *Cockcrow* and *the Gulls* from being done more often is a very simple thing, I had too many characters in it. The first thing that Bud said to me, he said "I can't handle more than seven"—we had seven in *Wail*, didn't we?—so I said I'll write seven, and I found it very exciting writing for a small cast, and I said I'll write for six, five . . . and right now I'm doing something for three actors. Now I could have read all about this in Time Magazine, but it doesn't make an impact when you just read it on a page. When you're faced with the reality of someone saying "How am I going to get these extra actors on the stage?" It really comes home to you. In fact I'm re-writing now—a play which I had for about sixteen actors—and I'm re-writing it for eight.

MONTGOMERY: I see.

WATSON: Things like that. And it's helped enormously. It's very stimulating. You get all sorts of . . . Bud says you have to be tough, hardboiled, well . . . you learn a lot.



Wilfred Watson and Bud D'Amur babble on about the new Jerusalem and Babylon.

For example, I've learned a lot about Canadian theatre and the problems of Canadian theatre, and I'm only beginning to understand what's going on. I try to find out what's happening so I can be ahead of what's happening. And one of the things I think we're going to have to have, we're going to have to have much more collaboration between director and playwright. The notion of the playwright being a sort of God, a long, long, way away from everywhere; and writing a play which has to be worshipped everywhere—it has to be worshipped—this is completely out. Instead, I find myself writing a script which *suggests* an idea. It's like the germ of a play, and when I can't fix it up any more, I throw it over to Bud, and Bud tries it out, and sees if it will work, and where it works, he keeps it and changes it. It seems to me we're learning to collaborate as artists, and of course the actors do too. Very often, the actors devise first-rate lines. I feel that the playwright has to learn to *like* this sort of collaboration. It's highly creative, it's flexible, and you don't have to worry too much about finish. Finish is death, really. As a

matter of fact, a remark that Norman Yates made to me, about his training in England—He trained with Victor Pasmore, and he said that he told his students, including Norman, “find out what the rules are, what everybody is saying you should do, and then do exactly the opposite”—and I find very often that this works in theatre too.

MONTGOMERY: Where do you think the Suite can go from what it's doing now?

WATSON: Well I think it could go a million miles, if it had a (D'Amur laughs) little money to keep going. I don't—I think if it can only be itself, and keep on being itself more and more, I think that it won't have to go, everybody will come to it.

MONTGOMERY: It's basically primitive theatre, don't you think?

WATSON: It's primitive theatre, and very sophisticated too. Really it's a different kind of theatre than we've been used to in Canada. We've been used to a sort of theatre which is a reproduction of other theatre. I was saying just a minute ago, that it seems to me to be a sort of Musack, that is, music for listening to but not hearing or hearing but not listening to, and we've got in Canada a sort of theatrack, and it makes no impact. It's not intended to, it's intended to sooth and so forth, so forth. The Yardbird Suite is very definitely making an impact. Perhaps if there is any resistance to the Yardbird Suite, though I think it is being accepted quite a bit, if there is resistance, it's because it is making an impact.

MONTGOMERY: I've found, from the one play that I directed, that I learned a lot about people, how they act and react, not only on stage, but the audience itself. I'm wondering Bud, what you think you've learned from working with people?

D'AMUR: Well, theatre is a People Business. We've developed formats, that are beginning to work. As I've said before, what we wanted to do was be the tradition. We don't want to be following anybody else, we don't need “News of the Theatre”. Maybe our stuff isn't what we think is great, but at least it's new, it's creative. Just to digress a moment, last Sunday we had the Calgary company down, you know, the Feiffer Review, that's new stuff, it's great. Now a gentleman, Professor Mitchell from the university at Calgary, was upstairs talking to me in a quiet moment. “Bud”, he said, “three months ago I was in New York, and Ted Hoffman, head of the drama division at this conference who is now at the New York Centre was there. He was giving some of the biggest names in theatre a hard time about how uncreative they were. He said,



The Suite's not all black and white in spite of the above costumed actors in TJ meets FH at YS. As a matter of fact some of the color (blue or off, depending on his mood) comes from Bud D'Amur, pictured at right.



"You should be at the Yardbird Suite in Edmonton. I was there last spring, and they are creating theatre." He didn't say it was good, he said they were Doing It! We are taking people and trying to have them do it. You take the abilities you have, the talents, and hurdle the wall. You find it's a living theatre, it's new, It's the Now Theatre. I'm going to live life at forty, I'm going to love it at forty-five more. And this is what we're trying to bring to the stage. I don't like slick, clever, people doing things they're capable of doing—"look at me, aren't I great"—maybe we can find a tradition in that, maybe we can find a form. One of our ideas, an ambition of mine, is to have one of our vehicles, one of our plays, produced elsewhere. And dealing with people, you become intimate with them on the stage. You get an attachment, and you have to be very humble, because you know his idiosyncracies, you know his manner, you know everything about this fellow. You've dug into him to try and create a character out of him. So you accept him, and if you accept him you've got to be very humble. You've got to be very humble to do our kind of theatre. If I have to put a handle on it to cover us all, it's humility. Do it, and take your ego out of it, and put your ego back on to present it.

WATSON: And it seems to me what we hear a great deal about from the newspaper critics, *The Journal*, is standards, professional standards, etcetera, etcetera, and these standards are really unimportant in our theatre, because we're doing something which is different in kind. Consequently our quality may be very low in our kind, but our kind of theatre is a much better kind, than the kind which we find every where about us. The more you aim for these standards, it seems to me, the more you're killing theatre. It's like expecting a baby to be a professor, you know, a greybeard sort, but the fact that the baby has all this potentiality, that's the important thing. As far as theatre goes, we're very young . . .

D'AMUR: What we're trying to do there, we've broadened the base to include poetry and jazz, and late at night listening to the boys play, that helps to inspire me. There is an inter-relation between all the arts. I've found that we can take from each one.

MONTGOMERY: I think before we go any further we should outline the things we actually have done at the Suite . . .

D'AMUR: What we've done, is present original poetry, original drama, original folk music, locally flavored, I might add. We've had a full year of this work, and we hope to con-

tinue. It's hard, because people come and go. It's not the building, what you see around here, what little atmosphere we try to create, to make it arty somebody will come . . . we need the money! But it's a people business, and it's the people who make the Yardbird Suite.

MONTGOMERY: I'd like to ask Dennis Kalman as an actor who's seen a bit of what theatre is doing in the rest of Canada, what his impression is of the Yardbird Suite?

KALMAN: Well, I think compared with everything else, it's extremely exciting. What Bud has been saying is very true, this is something that's new, and it's living, and from an actor's point of view, it's probably about the best thing he can do.

MONTGOMERY: So, besides the fact that we've made a lot of friends, and tried to get something going that's original, and unpretentious to a good degree, in Edmonton . . . do you think there's anything else, Dr. Watson?

WATSON: I'm not sure what you had in mind, the only thing that I could think of is that we want more actors, perhaps more directors, more playwrights, we want to build up collaborations, we want to get away from the notion of the play as a fashion show in which the actor shows how well he does in a fancy dress. This, it seems to me is the principal need. I think that the response of the public has been terrific, and more than justifies all the effort we've put into it. I think we only have to hold on, and I think that we will have the playwrights, and will have the directors.

MONTGOMERY: Yes.

WATSON: One of the things which I feel is the weakest part of Canadian theatre is not the fact that we can't get playwrights, it's that we haven't really created directors. We have directors that are skilled in interpreting, we're teaching what other people have done, perhaps a little differently, a little better, but we haven't people who can come in and adapt a play. Why not bring in plays from the rest of the world, and adapt them to our conditions? I remember once seeing a set of Synge's plays in Paris, and did they play them in the Irish fashion? certainly not, they were very *Parisien*, and this, it seems to me is what a creative director does, and it's the creative director that we really want. At present, there is a terrific sort of pressure upon the few people who are directing here. But I think that I'd like to see more creative directors, more playwrights. Perhaps then, we'll have lots more actors too.

(Please turn to page fifteen)

SPEAK LOW

WORDS— *bits of coined air that flutter*
 wavering in the distance
 forced carriers of messages
 that never reach their goal

FLY LOW

FEELINGS— *that betray and enchant our days*
 and nights without conscience
 build sky-high and tear to rags
 never true
 and never false

LIE LOW

I SPEAK

to bridge the canyon
but its dark deepness robs me of my courage

I FEEL

love
hate
but the surface remains unmoved unpunctured whole and strange

I THINK

but the arrow of my thoughts falls dead ungloriously from the sky
broken in two

I WALK

behind me the gates lock and the sun goes our shadows lost
our shadows lost on the streets the trains the boats
a cold sun follows for a while
other shores dawn but our footsteps leave no impression
no trace to call ours
futile steps
to be walked in lonesome anonymity

**WHEN SHALL WE LEARN TO WALK ALONE INSTEAD OF BEGGING COMPANY
TO SPEAK WITHOUT THE REASSURANCE OF AN ECHO
TO ENDURE THE LIGHTLESS NIGHT AND NOT BEG MERCY?**

By Manfred H. Rupp

LATENESS

By Marshall Laub

The green chatter of the late wind harbour
signals and is the measure of mentalities
that gather under the false lights of company.

The wind drops—the harbour vines
grow still—and the loud voices
fall into the night.

There is a fuzz of unreality and fear
on the voice that tries to break through
the silence like that before a priest.

ANNIE SWAN

By John Thompson

Naughty naughty Annie Swan
walks without her body on.
All dirty-minded young men's tongues
loll out when she dances.

At last, a bareness truly bare:
lewd, lascivious, naked air.

Francine looked down, her head bowed reverently, piously, at the top of her bikini—all that remained between her and emancipation. One of two slender bands of cloth, taut and binding.

The women in the court of Charles II, the women of Minos, they had known what it meant to be free. And the Amazons, legendary, who had cut off their right breasts the better to draw the arrows without having to worry about what got in the way.

Glaring—her head fixed—she spun about like a ballerina sustaining her gaze on him. Her left hand at the left tie of the bikini bottom, her right hand clenched except for the index finger which she aimed at him. —What do you know about it? The only person who's allowed to be free in this world is man. You and your breed have it all neatly planned. Woman is never given a chance. Now get out of here before I kick your shins.

FRANCINE

By Jon Whyte

*sketches for a scenario
for a vague novella*

Then he was gone. It had been too easy. She had discovered the magic elixer, the true recipe for feminine individualization. Take one modern female, schooled in the liberal arts, trained to despise, add a martini or a Manhattan or two. Mix after the corpuscles have been clogged with nicotine and tars. Chant the mystic words: *bettyfriedanbettyfriedbettyfriedansimonedebeauvoir*. And wait.

Biff!

She was emancipated. (But not Happy!) A free woman. Her bikini top could be thrown away.

No man could hold her, bed her, board her or bore her for the days of her life. No man could cage her in an electronic household, magnetic telephones, electric kitchen, fully automated bedroom. No. She was liberated. Science is marvelous. She went to the bedroom to closet her clothes so she could go downtown to find what she wanted, needed, had to have in the most magnificent way. It was the free man she was questing for.

* * *

Meanwhile the villain of our story, Joe E. Asterbound, was high on a personal crest, leaving in his wake stray deserted broken women. When an irresistible body meets an immovable object like . . . Joe had never had an emotion in his life. Nerves of steel and knuckles of brass, an ossified mind and a petrified forest



of hair on his chest. Brain cells linked in parallel (not in series), and women said it was a shocking experience to meet him for the first time, he was so single minded. Canada's first astronaut and the last of the rugged individualists. Eyes like a hound and the nose of a hawk, fleet of foot and reflexed like a housefly, he was in truth a sight to behold. The all-Canadian kid who grew up to become . . . the all-Canadian kid.

* * *

Francine walked down the street, her Russian wolfhounds, out of their kennel for the first time in three weeks, tensing at the tight choke collars, the tangent leashes running straight to the fist, her tanned body looking airbrushed in the polite late afternoon sun.

Only the last step. She couldn't do it, remove the bikini top, throw it away. That would be the last . . . completely—but not quite, for a degree of restraint is feminine—emancipated . . . step.

The Daughters of Friedan must go naked in the world. Rejoice in the public clamor, the langour, the anger of Langer, our oysterers.

She tossed away her just-lit cigarette and stepped on the red-grey tip of the slender white cylinder, crushing it into the pavement. Smoking in the street had been the first step. Next it would be cigars. Someday her name would rank with Emily Murphy, Amelia Earhart and Emilia Bloomer. Women the world over would rejoice at the sound of her name. Liberty, Equality and Sorority began with Francine. The Francie Revolution! (What was it Gaddis had said? Age will not wither nor custom stale her infinite vulgarity? Just like a man. The gall of them all. Gogol knows.)

Her aura webbed out around her. Lines to the dogs and lines to all the men who looked at her. Lines to the sun, to the moon, to the planets, to the stars, and a line to the heart of any man who came too close. She was indeed a fisher of men.

* * *

—Out there you're really free, said Joe E. Free from gravity and levity, free from politics and poker, free of the thousand little cares that don't really make life living. Do they?

—Out there you're not restricted, not fettered, not tied down, not bound. No one who's never been out there doesn't know what it's like. That's where freedom is.

* * *

She watched, from the corner of her eye, the darted glimpses glance off her, the admiring stares, the hundred little diverted attentions. They start, she thought because they see the stride of the new woman who calls all in doubt. But, she went on to think, time is fleeting. And she must be about her business.

The dogs were taken back to the kennel.

Goodbye Colonel. Goodbye Brigadier. Only in the kennel could their celibacy be assuaged. Not like cats scuttling about in back alleys. You never can tell what a cat's going to get into. With a dog you can be more sure.

And now it was rush hour, the crabbed streets coagulating.

The perfect time.

Down the steps to the subway and into the first car. Perfect. There he was, the victim, seated next to the aisle, newspapered, his head raised so he could look through the lower half of his bifocals. He'd never see the empty seats further back in the car, not that it mattered for they would fill up readily enough. But that they were empty now was the challenge.

She lurched on to the strap. The broken blood vessels in his cheeks formed blotches. But from this distance the slender striated network was more apparent. And the bulge of his belly at the belt beneath his open suit jacket.

Jerked into motion, the train accelerated. She fixed her now nervous fleegles on him. Still on the newspaper. She twisted one foot to rub what should seem a sore calf. Coughed. He looked up. —Oh, you must forgive me. I do beg your pardon. I didn't know . . . I thought there were still . . . it was so inconsiderate.

He stood up and she took his seat without a word, no ta glance. He ought to be grateful, the inconsiderate wretch, for being given the opportunity.

It worked for elevators, car doors, escalators, bus queues, cafe chairs, revolving doors, bags and packages, suitcases (even overnight bags), menus, purchases. And every rush hour. Ah, the exhilaration!

* * *

Back in her apartment, highest in the hive and fit for a queen—what a flight of ecstasy—she took stock of the evening to come. She took out the sheer scarlet stockings, the sheeny sharkskin dress with the black widow lace décolletage, the leopard skin cape. She diamond tipped her purpled fingernails. (The new **Vogue** had so many clever ideas!) Put the silver streaks in her hair (navel length). The black lipstick and the glaciermint blue eye shadow. The fingerless elbow length snake-skin gloves. (The diamond guards must show.) And she waited.

Looked at the mounted heads on the walls, the full mane of the lion, the square blunt head of the Bengal tiger, the long prongs of the gazelle, the full curl of the Rocky Mountain Bighorn ram, the black panther skin throw rug. She'd shot them all, everyone, on her hunts. She'd not become the world's greatest female hunter for nothing; but now she had

to become the best, not merely the female best. She needed one head to complete her collection, the head of the bravest of men. Whose head could it be?

He, not his the one, arrived, helped her into her leopard skin cape—my own, you know—and they descended to his Alfa Romeo. She stood by the door until it was opened for her. Cocktails, lobster, thermidor, baked Alaska, and white wine, and finished with a cigarillo. Silent. Not saying anything she didn't have to. While he talked and talked about the races he had been in, and won. The bore!

—Do you think Lyndon Johnson looks like a turkey? was her only question. And he was in paroxysms. Still she sat.

His was definitely not the head. (Nor was Lyndon's, but his is really beside the point.)

* * *

But then came Joe E. She was entranced immediately. The head! and the ultimate emancipation! The first all-American (all-Canadian?) astronaut.

—Joe, she murmured, could you take me along? Just one eensie weensie flight? No one would have to know until it was too late.

Joe was unmoved.

—Think of the possibilities, Joe, she murmured. Think of it out there where it would really be free. It's not really being free if you can't prove that you're also free of temptation if the temptation isn't there. Joe, you've got to take me along.

—On one condition. It will have to be understood from the very beginning that I am the superior member of the flight team. What I say has got to go. No dickering or bickering. Our lives may depend on it. You'll have to understand that from right now.

She agreed, not because she had to but because she knew that after they were up there she could get her way anyway. A little compromise can go a long way.

* * *

And so it happened. Very easily because this is a fable without a moral, children, and this sort of thing happens very easily in fables and after they were up there and nature had made its demands and they were both out of this world she suddenly came back to earth with a jolt (which in a space capsule is not the recommended thing to do) and said to him:

—You bastard. You knew all along that the nature of space is a very different thing from the nature of earth. How in hell am I supposed to prove that I am superior . . . how in heaven am I supposed to know when I am on top in free fall. And she threw a tantrum right out the sealed window of the capsule and all of the vacuum proved that space is really more pneumatic than any woman.

SIX QUOTATIONS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

By Jan Markham

and the first is
can these bones live a second
but these feet
smell
the third I have
a hangnail in my brain
the fourth
and I conclude
the fifth quickly draining
my bottle of chianti the sixth and last
she closed her eyes
before the mirror
in order to see
what she looked like when she
was dead

SPRING AS A LOVER

By Marshall Laub

You make me think
of wet thighs
and cold seawater.

You make me feel
the drift of pollen
into the valleys.

You make me see
the crackled shells
of sky-speckled eggs.

You make me shout
as elephants in *must*
for tardy mates.

You make me strive
until I'm breathless
to touch your feet.

YARDBIRD SUITE

(Continued from page ten)

MONTGOMERY: I think we should close this interview off, but first I'd like to give a few of my own impressions. The Yardbird Suite is a quaint place, it is small, it holds a capacity of about one hundred people. It has a small stage in the corner of the room which is very good for impressing people, in that they feel close to it, and they feel a part of what's going on on the stage. Upstairs is a small place we call "Shangri La" where, after performances, the actors and other people interested in the theatre get together and discuss what's going on, in this way ideas keep boiling. And so the Yardbird Suite has accomplished such plays as *Wail For Two Pedestals*, and *Chez Vous Comfortable Pew*, by Wilfred Watson. It is now doing *Tom Jones Meets Fanny Hill at the Yardbird Suite*. The Suite has also done some European *avant garde* theatre, it has done poetry readings: Dylan Thomas, T. S. Eliot, and Yeats. It is a place where people can come and spend a evening of unpretentious and enjoyable entertainment. We have had people appear from Calgary, in particular I'm thinking of the Feiffer Review, and the Musicians and Actors Club from Calgary. So that the place is open for those who want to use it, feel that they can learn something themselves, and accomplish something in theatre for the assistance of other people. This is my personal impression of the Suite. There is one more point which we want to make; it has to do with the critics. Dr. Watson?

WATSON: What I feel about the critics is to some extent we've got good critics in Edmonton, but it seems to me that they really don't know what they are doing as critics, and it seems to me that what their job is to do is not to evaluate so much, the work that they see, as to try to discover what the artists in particular are trying to do. The relation between the artist and the critic rather reminds me of the way in which someone who's climbing a mountain may be watched through binoculars by someone who's lower down on the hill, and the person with binoculars, being detached, can sometimes see what's happening that can't be seen close up. In other words, the artist, as it were, is exploring and shaping things out, he gets worked up, he becomes enthusiastic, he's not very sure, at the peak of creation, just what he is doing. (I am sure this must be true of the actor and director. And it certainly is true of the dramatist.) What the critic should be doing, is trying to find out sympathetically, what these artists

are doing. Sometimes critics seem to feel that they have to make a God Almighty judgement as to value, and this seems to me to be quite worthless.

MONTGOMERY: There's something else that should be mentioned. Criticism tends to keep people from performing.

WATSON: Would you think that this was the sort of place where we could do theatre, and poetry, and songs, and jazz for a tribal society?

MONTGOMERY: That's interesting?! (Dr. Watson laughs). In a way we are developing a tribal society. Everybody's on the move now, they can come here for an evening, shows always starts at nine-thirty or so, they can already have done something earlier in the evening, or perhaps they can go to a night club or something after eleven. There is jazz afterwards, from one 'til infinite in the morning, but it is a place for people on the move. There's nothing permanent about the Yardbird Suite, except that it will last, because it adapts itself to change always.

WATSON: Does it? . . . It's a centre which doesn't kill its margins.

MONTGOMERY: Yes, that's a McLuhan image. It relates to the fact that we no longer operate from a city centre out to the frontiers, because there are no more frontiers. Every city has become a centre and feeds back to other cities, so that we are not trying to civilize a dead country we are trying to move around, back and forth, and in and out, and actually this is what members of the tribal society do. More than anything, they wobble. Just how did the Yardbird Suite get its name?

WATSON: Yardbird Suite was a composition which was particularly associated with a famous jazz player, named Parker, I think it was. He was called the Yardbird, and the suite made him famous. How this particular centre picked up the name, I don't know. A yardbird of course, is one of the bums who hangs out near a station yard waiting to jump the rods, and this is the origin of the term.

As a form of epilogue, Dr. Watson mentioned that students from the University of Alberta have contributed a great deal, both in the writing and the playing of Yardbird Suite performances. People interested in creating what he termed "perhaps not great, but interesting and engaging plays", should explore the possibilities the Suite offers.

As Mr. D'Amur might say, it's the "Do it" part of town.—The Editor.

INSIDE OUT

I've learned, within the past month, that little magazines are difficult. It's hard to define originality, it's harder still to criticize it. Most of this publication is, I think, quite original. I hope that the articles, fiction, graphics, and poetry are considered suitable for a university magazine. Far more, I hope that they are considered.

As Editors, we take responsibility for all that appears in INSIDE. Beyond this, the magazine is not "ours". The individual talents of those who contribute are offered through INSIDE for your inspection. It is their magazine, and yours, if you are willing to participate as readers. We hope you are.

This university is, in its rather passive way, a place of many diversities. INSIDE should be more than a product of a few, similarly-inclined minds.

Since I am (as Mr. Sellar so piquantly phrased it in a recent Gateway Editorial) "mistress of the magazine", I can justly say that writing is being most baldly solicited by myself, and my associate, John Thompson, for use in future issues. We will receive—with a sort of grisly cheer—any and all attempts, and unused copy will be returned.

Are you listening, Irving Layton?

But seriously, without copy, we can't print.

I've heard the phrase "our little renaissance on the North Saskatchewan", and wondered what it meant. Does it mean a New Humanism, and a resulting arrogance which will take still more time to recover from? Hopefully, no.

But to those people who are interested in doing something, it may add more enthusiasm, and awareness of their locale. This is the place. The materials are all around us.

You may wonder if INSIDE has something called "editorial policy" I'll be explicit to the point of overstatement. We would like to shape the kind of magazine that speaks to you with the stuff of this moment and this Cameron Library, and these parking lots. That's all. To speak of "honesty" takes more profundity than I can assume.

Here I would like to thank the people who did co-operate quite splendidly in this month's process of "getting INSIDE out". Fulls of grate to Peter Montgomery, for the handling of our feature article. And thanks also to Dr. Watson, and Mr. D'Amur, for their participation, during what was, for them, a very busy week. Such candid commentary can be a

great deal of fun, and even, perhaps (to borrow one of their words) creative.

Last of all, to last year's Editor, Jon Whyte, our thank you's for his advice, explanations, consolations, and of course, **Francine**.

INSIDE may not have a Conscience (as such) this year, but we intend to bear the Whyte man's burden.

Now for some "serious, editorial comment":

GLEE—On Being in Despair with both Pop Culture and the Romantic Tradition

"Come let us sing the town around
Pass-ho the bottle-O

Our social consciences we've found
(The Tessier runneth over!)

For Style is here
And Style is there
Why damme, Style is everywhere
(Sorry, Shelley dear!)

And if you cannot play the Game
You Stand by what You Think-O
You'll find yourself a sodden shame
From thinking while you drink-O . . .

For In is In and Out is Out
And wet is wet and drought is drought
And soul's a word that sillies shout
Who know not any better.

So sing for shapes and shells and rocks
And silky hair and snaky socks
Defy what sweet Contempora knocks
Be Fun, or else Be Clever.

For winners win, and losers lose
And sinners sin, and choosers choose.
(It's easiest that way . . .)

And if you're good, my little man,
And watch the way you play-O,
You'll soar exalted thru the sky
And Never be passé-O!

And what is more,

—at the end of your performance,
If enough flatties are pleased and impressed,
You'll be given a Ph.D., or a solid gold yo-yo,
Depending on whether you are pop or camp.

I've sung my song the town around
(Fast went the bottle-O)

My social conscience I have drowned
But . . .

I have a friend who'll shape for me
A new, Once-over one
Fair-fashioned of aluminum wire
And I'll have something Fun."
